



Frontispice.

Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.

11631 666

THE
SHEPHERD'S WEEK.
IN SIX
PASTORALS.

By Mr. J. GAY. *K*

——— *Libeat mihi sordida rura,*
Atque humiles habitare Casas. ——— Virg.



L O N D O N:
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1833

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Printed by J. GAY, at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, London.



LONDON.

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THE
P R O E M E

To the Courteous

R E A D E R.

GR E A T marvell hath it been, (and that not unworthily) to diverse worthy wits, that in this our island of Britain, in all rare sciences so greatly abounding, more especially in all kinds of poesie highly flourishing, no poet (though otherways of notable cunning in roundels) hath hit on the right simple eclogue after the true ancient guise of Theocritus, before this mine attempt.

Other poet travailing in this plain high-way of pastoral know I none. Yet, certes, such it behoveth a pastoral to be, as nature in the country affordeth; and

The P R O E M E.

the manners also meetly copied from the rustical folk therein. In this also my love to my native country Britain much pricketh me forward, to describe aright the manners of our own honest and laborious plough-men, in no wise sure more unworthy a British poet's imitation, than those of Sicily or Arcadie; albeit, not ignorant I am, what a rout and rabblement of critical gallimaufry hath been made of late days by certain young men of insipid delicacy, concerning, I wist not what, golden age, and other outrageous conceits, to which they would confine pastoral. Whereof, I avow, I account nought at all, knowing no age so justly to be instiled golden, as this of our sovereign lady Queen ANNE.

This idle trumpery (only fit for schools and school-boys) unto that ancient Dorick shepherd Theocritus, or his mates, was never known; he rightly, throughout his fifth Idyll, maketh his louts give foul language, and behold their goats at rut in all simplicity.

Ἐπὶ δὲ οὐκ ἔσονται τὰς μηχανὰς οἷα βατεύοντι
τάχεται ὁ φθάλμιος ὅτι ἔργον αὐτὸς ἔγιντο.

Theoc.

Verily, as little pleasance receiveth a true homebred tast, from all the fine finical new-fangled fooleries of this gay Gothic garniture, wherewith they so nicely bedeck their court clowns, or clown courtiers, (for, which to call them rightly, I wot not) as would a prudent citizen journeying to his country farms, should he find them occupied by people of this motley make, instead of plain downright hearty cleanly folk; such as be now tenants to the burgeses of this realme.

Further-

The P R O M E.

Furthermore, it is my purpose, gentle reader, to set before thee, as it were, a picture, or rather lively landscape of thy own country, just as thou mightest see it, didst thou take a walk in the fields at the proper season: even as maister Milton hath elegantly set forth the same.

As one who long in populous city pent,
Where houses thick and sewers annoy the aire,
Forth issuing on a summer's morn to breathe
Among the pleasant villages and farms
Adjoin'd, from each thing met conceives delight;
The smell of grain or redde'd grass or kine
Or diarie, each rural sight, each rural sound.

Thou wilt not find my shepherdesse idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves, or if the hogs are astray driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields, he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge, nor doth he vigilantly defend his flocks from wolves, because there are none, as maister Spencer well observeth.

Well is known that since the Saxon king
Never was wolf seen, many or some
Nor in all Kent nor in christendom.

For as much, as I have mentioned maister Spencer, soothly I must acknowledge him a bard of sweetest memorial. Yet hath his shepherds boy at sometimes raised his rustick reed to rhimes more rumbling than rural.

The P R O E M E.

Diverse grave points also hath he handled of churchly matter and doubts in religion daily arising, to great clerkes only appertaining. What liketh me best are his names, indeed right simple and meet for the country, such as Lobbin, Cuddy, Hobbinol, Diggon, and others, some of which I have made bold to borrow. Moreover, as he called his eclogues, the shepherd's calendar, and divided the same into the twelve months, I have chosen (peradventure not over-rashly) to name mine by the days of the week, omitting Sunday or the Sabbath, ours being supposed to be christian shepherds, and to be then at church worship. Yet further of many of maister Spencer's eclogues it may be observed; though months they be called, of the said months therein, nothing is specify'd; wherein I have also esteemed him worthy mine imitation.

That principally, courteous reader, whereof I would have thee to be advised, (seeing I depart from the vulgar usage) is touching the language of my shepherds; which is, soothly to say, such as is neither spoken by the country maiden nor the courtly dame; nay not only such as in the present times is not uttered, but was never uttered in times past; and, if I judge aright, will never be uttered in times future. It having too much of the country to be fit for the court; too much of the court to be fit for the country, too much of the language of old times to be fit for the present, too much of the present to have been fit for the old, and too much of both to be fit for any time to come. Granted also it is, that in this my language, I seem unto my self, as a London mason, who calculateth his work for a term of years, when he buildeth with old materials upon a ground-rent
that

THE PROEME.

that is not his own, which soon turneth to rubbish and ruins. For this point, no reason can I alledge, only deep learned ensamples having led me thereunto.

But here again, much comfort ariseth in me, from the hopes, in that I conceive, when these words in the course of transitory things shall decay, it may so hap, in meet time that some lover of simplicity shall arise, who shall have the hardiness to render these mine eclogues into such more modern Dialect as shall be then understood, to which end, glosses and explications of uncouth pastoral terms are annexed.

Gentle reader, turn over the leaf, and entertain thy self with the prospect of thine own country, limned by the painful hand of

thy loving Countryman

JOHN GAY.

PRO-



PROLOGUE.

To the Right Honourable the

L^d Viscount *Bolingbroke*:

LO, I who erst beneath a tree
Sung Bumkinet and Bowzybee;
And Blouzelind and Marian bright,
In apron blue or apron white;
Now write my sonnets in a book,
For my good lord of Bolingbroke.

As

P R O L O G U E.

As lads and lasses stood around
To hear my boxen haut-boy sound,
Our clerk came posting o'er the green
With doleful tidings of the Queen;
That Queen, he said, to whom we owe
Sweet peace that maketh riches flow;
That Queen who eas'd our tax of late,
Was dead, alas!—and lay in state.

At this, in tears was Cic'ly seen,
Buxoma tore her pinnars clean,
In doleful dumps stood ev'ry clown,
The parson rent his band and gown.

For me, when as I heard that death
Had snatch'd Queen Anne to Elizabeth,
I broke my reed, and sighing swore
I'd weep for Blouzelind no more.

While

P R O L O G U E.

While thus we stood as in a stound,
And wet with tears, like dew, the ground,
Full soon by bonfire and by bell
We learnt our liege was passing well.
A skilful leach, (so God him speed)
They said had wrought this blessed deed.
This leach Arburthnot was yeapt,
Who many a night not once had slept;
But watch'd our gracious sov'raign still:
For who cou'd rest when she was ill?
Oh, may't thou henceforth sweetly sleep.
Sheer, swains, oh sheer your softest sheep
To swell his couch; for well I ween,
He fav'd the realm who fav'd the Queen.

Quoth I, please God, I'll hye with glee
To court, this Arburthnot to see.
I sold my sheep and lambkins too,
For silver loops and garment blue;

My

PROLOGUE.

My boxen haut-boy sweet of sound,
For lace that edg'd mine hat around;
For Lightfoot and my scrip I got
A gorgeous sword, and eke a knot.

So forth I far'd to court with speed,
Of soldier's drum withouten dread;
For peace allays the shepherd's fear
Of wearing cap of granadier.

There saw I ladies all a-row
Before their Queen in seemly show.
No more I'll sing Buxoma brown,
Like goldfinch in her Sunday gown;
Nor Clumfilis, nor Marian bright,
Nor damsel that Hobnelia hight.
But Lansdown fresh as flow'r of May,
And Berkely lady blithe and gay,

And

PROLOGUE.

And Anglesey whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hide, with eyes so rare,
And Montague beyond compare.
Such ladies fair wou'd I depaint
In roundelay or sonnet quaint.

There many a worthy wight I've seen
In ribbon blue and ribbon green.
As Oxford, who a wand doth bear,
Like Moses, in our bibles fair;
Who for our traffick forms designs,
And gives to Britain Indian mines.
Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare,
Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad cloths and serges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
Nor leasings leud affright the swain.

There

P R O L O G U E.

There saw I St. John, sweet of mien,
Full stedfast both to Church and Queen.
With whose fair name I'll deck my strain,
St. John, right courteous to the swain;

For thus he told me on a day,
Trim are thy sonnets, gentle Gay,
And certes, mirth it were to see
Thy joyous madrigals twice three,
With preface meet, and notes profound,
Imprinted fair, and well y-bound.
All suddenly then home I sped,
And did ev'n as my lord had said.

Lo here, thou hast mine eclogues fair,
But let not these detain thine ear.
Let not th' affairs of States and Kings
Wait, while our Bowzybeus sings.

Rather

PROLOGUE.

And Anglesey whose speech exceeds
The voice of pipe, or oaten reeds;
And blooming Hide, with eyes so rare,
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Now, shepherds, clip your fleecy care,
Ye maids, your spinning-wheels prepare,
Ye weavers, all your shuttles throw,
And bid broad cloths and ferges grow,
For trading free shall thrive again,
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Rather

PROLOGUE

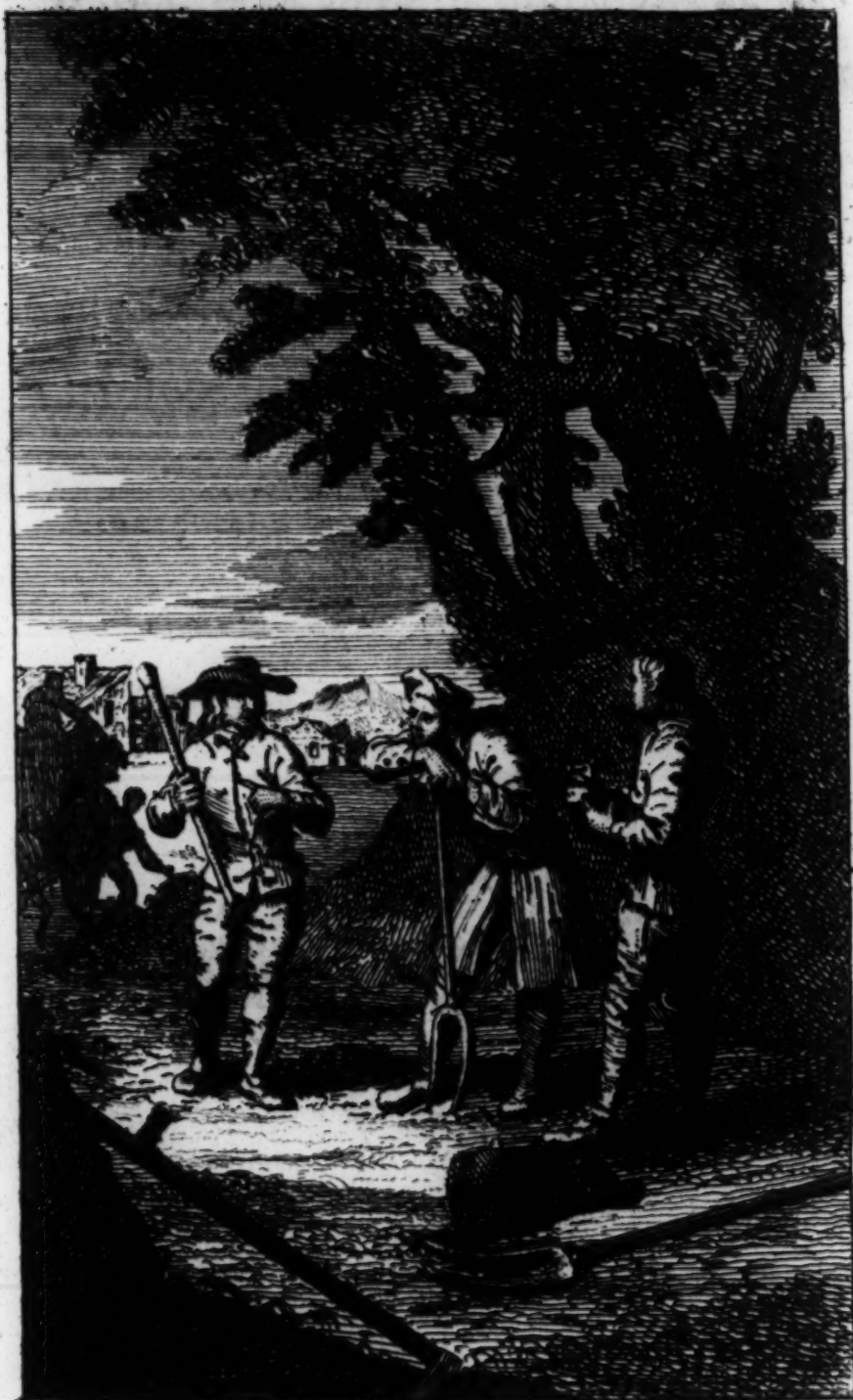
Rather than verse of simple swain,
Should stay the trade of France or Spain,
Or for the plaint of parson's maid,
Yon Emp'ror's packets be delay'd;
In sooth, I swear by holy Paul,
I'd burn book, preface, notes and all.

April, 1714.



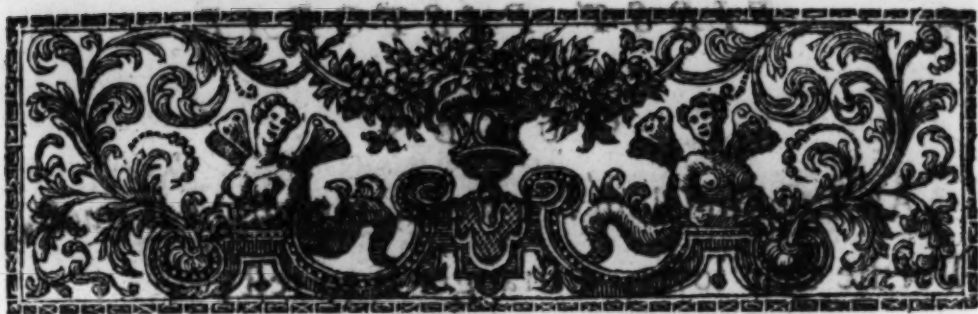
MON





the Squabble.

End. On Guernsey one of 2000.



M O N D A Y;
OR, THE
S Q U A B B L E.

Lobbin Clout, Cuddy, Cloddipole.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

TH Y younglings, Cuddy, are but just
awake;
No thrushes thrill the bramble-bush
forsake,

No chirping lark the welkin sheen invokes;
No damsel yet the swelling udder strokes;
O'er yonder hill does scant the dawn appear,
Then why does Cuddy leave his cott, so rear?

Line

3. *Welkin the same as Welken, an old Saxon word signifying a cloud, by poetical licence it is frequently taken for the element or sky, as may appear by this verse in the dream of Chaucer. Ne in all the Welkin was no cloud.*

Sheen or shine, an old word for shining or bright.

5. *Scant, used in ancient British authors for scarce.*

6. *Rear, an expression in several counties of England for early in the morning.*

C U D D Y.

Ah Lobbin Clout! I ween, my plight is guest,
 For he that loves, a stranger is to rest;
 If swains belye not, thou hast prov'd the smart,
 And Blouzelinda's mistress of thy heart. 10
 This rising rear betokeneth well thy mind,
 Those arms are folded for thy Blouzelind.
 And well, I trow, our piteous plights agree,
 Thee Blouzelinda smites, Buxoma me.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Ah Blouzelind! I love thee more by half, 15
 Than does their fawns, or cows the new-fall'n calf:
 Woe worth the tongue! may blisters fore it gall,
 That names Buxoma, Blouzelind withal.

C U D D Y.

Hold, witless Lobbin Clout, I thee advise,
 Lest blisters fore on thy own tongue arise. 20
 Lo yonder Cloddipole, the blithsome swain,
 The wisest lout of all the neighbouring plain.
 From Cloddipole we learnt to read the skies,
 To know when hail will fall, or winds arise.

Line 7. *To ween deriv'd from the Saxon, to think or conceive.*

He

The S Q U A B B L E.

5

He taught us erst the heifers tail to view, 25

When stuck aloft, that show'rs would strait ensue;

He first that useful secret did explain,

That pricking corns foretold the gath'ring rain.

When swallows fleet soar high and sport in air,

He told us that the welkin wou'd be clear. 30

Let Cloddipole then hear us twain rehearse,

And praise his sweetheart in alternate verse,

I'll wager this same oaken staff with thee,

That Cloddipole shall give the prize to me.

LOBBIN CLOUT.

See this tobacco pouch that's lin'd with hair, 35

Made of the skin of fleekest fallow deer.

This pouch, that's ty'd with tape of reddest hue,

I'll wager that the prize shall be my due.

C U D D Y.

Begin thy carrols then, thou vaunting flouch,

Be thine the oaken staff, or mine the pouch. 40

LOBBIN CLOUT.

My Blouzelinda is the blithest lass,

Than primrose sweeter, or the clover-grass.

Line

25. *Erst*, a contraction of *ere this*, it signifies *sometime ago* or *formerly*.

B 3

Fair

Fair is the king-cup that in meadow blows,
 Fair is the daisie that beside her grows,
 Fair is the gillyflow'r, of gardens sweet, 45
 Fair is the mary-gold, for pottage meet.
 But Blouzelind's than gillyflow'r more fair,
 Than daisie, mary-gold, or king-cup rare.

C U D D Y.

My brown Buxoma is the feateft maid,
 That e'er at wake delightful gambol play'd. 50
 Clean as young lambkins or the goose's down,
 And like the goldfinch in her Sunday gown.
 The witless lamb may sport upon the plain,
 The frisking kid delight the gaping swain,
 The wanton calf may skip with many a bound, 55
 And my cur Tray play deffest feats around:
 But neither lamb nor kid, nor calf nor Tray,
 Dance like Buxoma on the first of May.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

Sweet is my toil when Blouzelind is near,
 Of her bereft 'tis winter all the Year. 60
 With her no sultry summer's heat I know;
 In winter, when she's nigh, with love I glow.

Line 56. *Deft*, an old word signifying brisk or nimble.

The SQUABBLE.

7

Come Blouzelinda, ease thy swain's desire,
My summer's shadow and my winter's fire!

C U D D Y.

As with Buxoma once I work'd at hay, 65
Ev'n noon-tide labour seem'd an holiday;
And holidays, if haply she were gone,
Like worky-days I wish'd would soon be done.
Eftsoons, O sweet-heart kind, my love repay,
And all the year shall then be holiday. 70

L O B B I N C L O U T.

As Blouzelinda in a gamefome mood,
Behind a haycock loudly laughing stood,
I flily ran, and snatch'd a hasty kiss,
She wip'd her lips, nor took it much amiss.
Believe me, Cuddy, while I'm bold to say, 75
Her breath was sweeter than the ripen'd hay.

C U D D Y.

As my Buxoma in a morning fair,
With gentle finger stroak'd her milky care,

Line

69. *Eftsoons*, from *est* an ancient British word signifying soon. So that *est-soons* is a doubling of the word soon, which is, as it were to say twice soon, or very soon.

I quaintly stole a kiss; at first, 'tis true
 She frown'd, yet after granted one or two. 80
 Lobbin, I swear, believe who will my vows,
 Her breath by far excell'd the breathing cows. A

LOBBIN CLOUT. *his noon*

Leek to the Welch, to Dutchmen butter's dear,
 Of Irish swains potatoe is the chear;
 Oats for their feasts the Scottish shepherds grind,
 Sweet turnips are the food of Blouzelind. 86
 While she loves turnips, butter I'll despise,
 Nor leeks nor oatmeal nor potatoe prize.

CUDDY. *his noon*

In good roast beef my landlord sticks his knife,
 The capon fat delights his dainty wife, 90
 Pudding our parson eats, the squire loves hare,
 But white-pot thick is my Buxoma's fare.

Line

79. *Queint* has various significations in the ancient English authors. I have used it in this place in the same sense as Chaucer hath done in his miller's tale. As clerkes been full subtil and queint (by which he means arch or waggish) and not in that obscene sense wherein he useth it in the line immediately following.

83. *Populus Alcida gratissima, vitis Iaccho,
 Formosa Myrtus Veneri. sua Laurea Phœbo.
 Phillis amat Corylos. Illas dum Phillis amabit,
 Nec Myrtus vincit Corylos nec Laurea Phœbi, &c.*

Virg.

While

While she loves white-pot, capon ne'er shall be,
Nor hare, nor beef, nor pudding, food for me.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

As once I play'd at blindmand's-buff, it hapt 95
About my eyes the towel thick was wrapt.
I miss'd the Swains, and seiz'd on Blouzelind;
True speaks that ancient proyerb, Love is blind.

C U D D Y.

As at hot-cockles once I laid me down,
And felt the weighty hand of many a clown; 100
Buxoma gave a gentle tap, and I
Quick rose, and read soft mischief in her eye.

L O B B I N C L O U T.

On two near-elms the slacken'd cord I hung,
Now high, now low my Blouzelinda swung.
With the rude wind her rump'd garment rose,
And show'd her taper leg and scarlet hose. 106

C U D D Y.

Across the fallen oak the plank I laid,
And my self pois'd against the tott'ring maid;
High leapt the plank; adown Buxoma fell:
I spy'd.—But faithful sweethearts never tell. 110

L O B B I N

LOBBIN CLOUT.

This riddle, Cuddy, if thou canst, explain,
This wily riddle puzzles ev'ry swain.

† What flower is that which bears the virgins name,
The richest metal joined with the same?

C U D D Y.

Answer, thou carle, and judge this riddle right,
I'll frankly own thee for a cunning wight. 116

* What flow'r is that which royal honour craves,
Adjoin the virgin, and 'tis strown on graves.

C L O D D I P O L E.

Forbear, contending louts, give o'er your strains,
An oaken staff each merits for his pains. 120

But see the sun-beams bright to labour warn,
And gild the thatch of goodman Hodges' barn.
Your herds for want of water stand adry,
They're weary of your songs — and so am I.

Line 117. *Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascantur flores.*

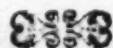
Virg.

† Marygold.

* Rosemary.

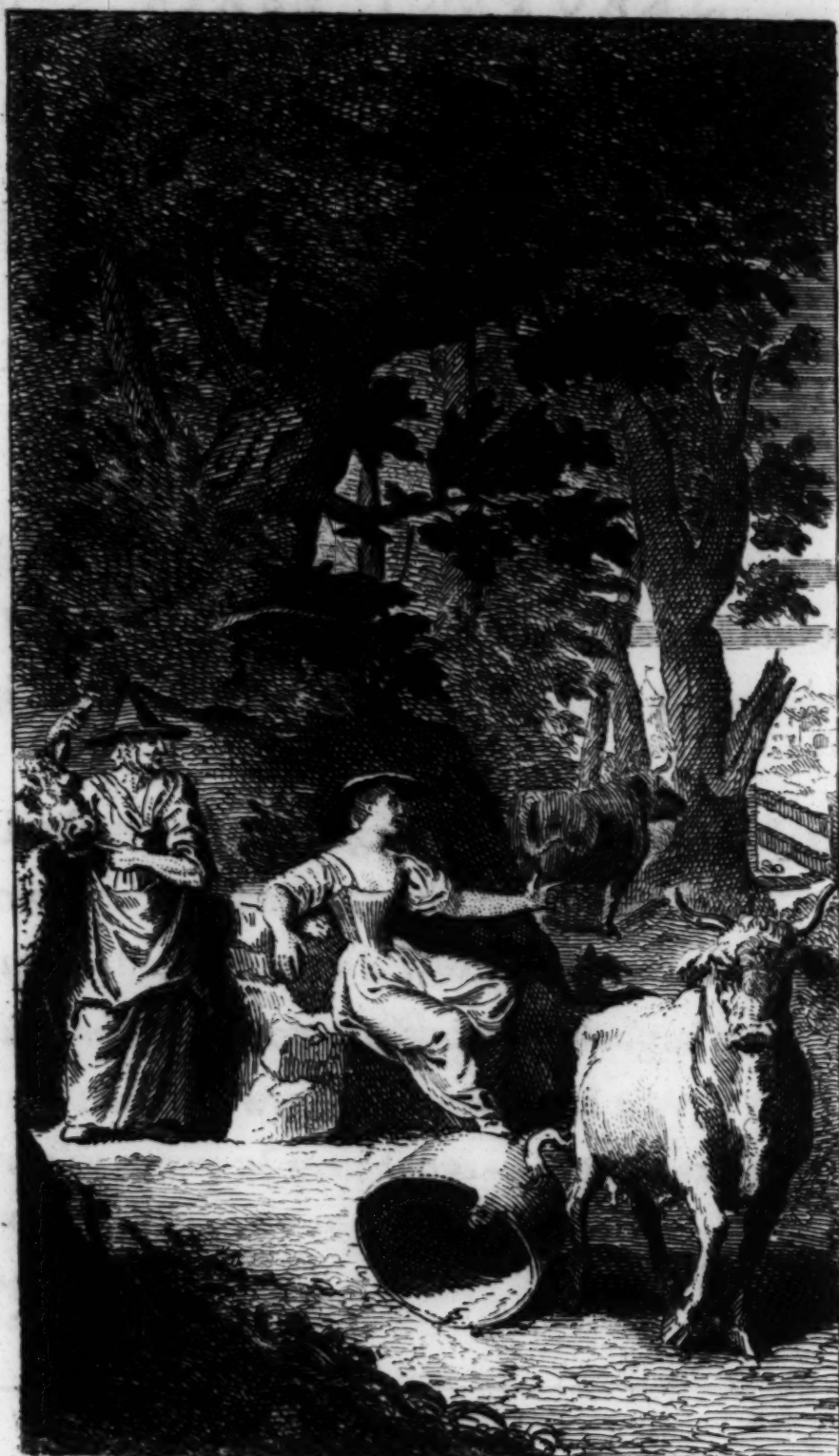
Line 120. *Et vitula tu dignus & hic.*

Virg.



TUESDAY;





the Dilly Easton & Garnier inv. et sculp.



TUESDAY;

OR, THE

DISCOVERY.

MARIAN.



OUNG Colin Clout, a lad of peerless

meed,

Full well could dance, and deftly tune

the reed;

In ev'ry wood his carrols sweet were known,

At ev'ry wake his nimble feats were shown.

When in the ring the rustick routs he threw, 5

The damsels pleasures with his conquests grew;

Or when astant the cudgel threats his head,

His danger smites the breast of ev'ry maid,

But chief of Marian. Marian lov'd the swain,

The parson's maid, and neatest of the plain. 10

Marian

14 *SECOND PASTORAL.*

Marian that soft could stroak the udder'd cow,
 Or lessen with her sieve the barley mow;
 Marbled with sage the hard'ning cheese she press'd,
 And yellow butter Marian's skill confess'd;
 But Marian now devoid of country cares, 15
 Nor yellow butter nor sage cheese prepares.
 For yearning love the witlefs maid employs,
 And love, say swains, all busie heed destroys.
 Colin makes mock at all her piteous smart,
 A lass that Cic'ly hight, had won his heart, 20
 Cic'ly the western lass that tends the kee,
 The rival of the parson's maid was she.
 In dreary shade now Marian lyes along,
 And mixt with sighs thus wails in plaining song.

Ah woful day! ah woful noon and morn! 25
 When first by thee my younglings white were shorn,
 Then first, I ween, I cast a lover's eye,
 My sheep were filly, but more filly I.
 Beneath the shears they felt no lasting smart,
 They lost but fleeces while I lost a heart. 30

Line 21. *Kee, a west-country word for kine or cows.*

Ah

Ah Colin! canst thou leave thy sweetheart true?
What I have done for thee will Cic'ly do?
Will she thy linnen wash or hosen darn,
And knit thee gloves made of her own-spun yarn?
Will she with huswife's hand provide thy meat,
And ev'ry Sunday morn thy neckcloth plait? 36
Which o'er thy kersey doublet spreading wide,
In service-time drew Cic'ly's eyes aside.

Where-e'er I gad I cannot hid my care,
My new disasters in my look appear. 40
White as the curd my ruddy cheek is grown,
So thin my features that I'm hardly known;
Our neighbours tell me oft in joking talk
Of ashes, leather, oatmeal, bran and chalk;
Unwittingly of Marian they divine; 45
And wist not that with thoughtful love I pine.
Yet Colin Clout, untoward shepherd swain,
Walks whistling blithe, while pitiful I plain.

Whilom with thee 'twas Marian's dear delight
To moil all day, and merry make at night. 50
If

If in the soil you guide the crooked share,
Your early breakfast is my constant care.
And when with even hand you strow the grain,
I fright the theevish rookes from off the plain.
In misling days when I my thresher heard, 55
With nappy beer I to the barn repair'd;
Loft in the musick of the whirling flail,
To gaze on thee I left the smoaking pail;
In harvest when the sun was mounted high,
My leathern bottle did thy drought supply; 60
When-e'er you mow'd I follow'd with the rake,
And have full oft been sun-burnt for thy sake;
When in the welkin gath'ring show'rs were seen,
I lagg'd the last with Colin on the green;
And when at eve returning with thy carr, 65
Awaiting heard the gingling bells from far;
Strait on the fire the sooty pot I plac't,
To warm thy broth I burnt my hands for haste.
When hungry thou stood'st staring, like an oaf,
I slic'd the luncheon from the barley loaf, 70
With crumbled bread I thicken'd well thy mess.
Ah, love me more, or love thy pottage less!

Last

Last Friday's eve, when as the sun was set,
 I, near yon stile, three fallow Gypsies met.
 Upon my hand they cast a poring look, 75
 Bid me beware, and thrice their heads they shook,
 They said that many crosses I must prove,
 Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
 Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
 And off the hedge two pinner and a smock. 80
 I bore these losses with a christian mind,
 And no mishaps could feel, while thou wert kind.
 But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
 I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn.
 Help me, ye Gypsies, bring him home again, 85
 And to a constant las give back her swain.

Have I not sate with thee full many a night,
 When dying embers were our only light,
 When ev'ry creature did in slumbers lye,
 Besides our cat, my Colin Clout, and I? 90
 No troublous thoughts the cat or Colin move,
 While I alone am kept awake by love.

Remember, Colin, when at last year's wake,
 I bought the costly present for thy sake, 94
 Couldst thou spell o'er the posie on thy knife,
 And with another change thy state of life?
 If thou forget'st, I wot, I can repeat,
 My memory can tell the verse so sweet.
 As this is grav'd upon this knife of thine,
 So is thy image on this heart of mine. 100
 But woe is me! such presents luckless prove,
 For knives, they tell me, always sever love.

Thus Marian wail'd, her eye with tears brimful,
 When goody Dobbins brought her cow to bull.
 With apron blue to dry her tears she sought, 105
 Then saw the cow well serv'd, and took a groat.





BRITISH
3 NO 74
MUSEUM



the Dumps.

Lud. Du Guernier inv. et Sculp.



WEDNESDAY;

OR, THE
* DUMPS.

SPARABELLA

THE wailings of a maiden I recite,
A maiden fair, that Sparabella hight.
Such strains, ne'er warble in the linnets
throat,

Nor the gay goldfinch chaunts so sweet a note,
No magpye chatter'd, nor the painted jay,
No ox was heard to low, nor ass to bray.

* Dumps, or Dumbs, made use of to express a fit of the sullens. Some have pretended that it is derived from Dumaps a king of Egypt, that built a pyramid and dy'd of melancholy. So Mopes after the same manner is thought to have come from Merops another Egyptian king that dy'd of the same distemper; but our English antiquaries have conjectured that dumps, which is, a grievous heaviness of spirits, comes from the word dumplin, the heaviest kind of pudding that is eaten in this country, much used in Norfolk, and other counties of England.

Line

5. *Immemor Herbarum quos est mirata juventa
Certantes quorum stupefacta carmine Lynces;
Et mutata suos requierunt flumina cursus.*

Virg.

No

No rustling breezes play'd the leaves among,
While thus her madrigal the damsel sung.

A while, O D'Urfey, lend an ear or twain,
Nor, though in homely guise, my verse disdain; 10
Whether thou seek'st new kingdoms in the sun,
Whether thy muse does at New-market run,
Or does with gossips at a feast regale, *
And heighten her conceits with sack and ale,
Or else at wakes with Joan and Hodge rejoice, 15
Where D'Urfey's lyrics swell in every voice;
Yet suffer me, thou bard of wond'rous meed,
Amid thy bays to weave this rural weed.

Now the sun drove adown the western road,
And oxen laid at rest forget the goad, 20

Line

9. *Tu mihi seu magni superas jam saxa Timavi,
Sive oram Illyrici legis aquoris*——
11. An opera written by this author, called the *World in the Sun*, or the *Kingdom of Birds*; he is also famous for his song on the *New-market horse race*, and several others that are sung by the *British swains*.
17. Meed, an old word for fame or renown.
18. ——— *Hanc sine tempora circum
Inter victrices ederam tibi serpere lauros.*

The

The clown fatigu'd trudg'd homeward with his
 Across the meadows stretch'd the lengthen'd shade;
 When Sparabella pensive and forlorn,
 Alike with yearning love and labour worn,
 Lean'd on her rake, and strait with doleful guise 25
 Did this sad plaint in moanful notes devise.

Come night as dark as pitch, surround my head,
 From Sparabella Bumkinet is fled;
 The ribbon that his val'rous cudgel won,
 Last Sunday happier Clumfilis put on. 30
 Sure, if he'd eyes (but love, they say, has none)
 I whilome by that ribbon had been known.
 Ah, well-a-day! I'm shent with baneful smart,
 For with the ribbon he bestow'd his heart.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid, 35
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Shall heavy Clumfilis with me compare?
 View this, ye lovers, and like me despair.

Line

25. *Incumbens tereti Damon sic capit Oliva.*

33. *Shent, an old word signifying hurt or harmed.*

37. *Mopso Nisa datur. quid non speremus Amantes?*

Virg.

Her

Her blubber'd lip by smutty pipes is worn,
 And in her breath tobacco whiffs are born; 40
 The cleanly cheese-press she could never turn,
 Her awkward fist did ne'er employ the churn;
 If e'er she brew'd, the drink wou'd strait go sour,
 Before it ever felt the thunder's pow'r:
 No hufwifry the dowdy creature knew; 45
 To sum up all, her tongue confess'd the shrew.
 My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid,

I've often seen my visage in yon lake,
 Nor are my features of the homeliest make. 50
 Though Clumfilis may boast a whiter dye,
 Yet the black floe turns in my rolling eye;
 And fairest blossoms drop with ev'ry blast,
 But the brown beauty will like hollies last.
 Her wan complexion's like the wither'd leek, 55
 While Katherine pears adorn my ruddy cheek.

Line

49. *Nec sum adeo informis, nuper me in Littore vidi.*

Virg.

53. *Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.*

Virg.

Yet

Yet she, alas! the witless lout hath won,
 And by her gain, poor Sparabell's undone!
 Let hares and hounds in coupling straps unite,
 The clocking hen make friendship with the kite,
 Let the fox simply wear the nuptial noose, 61
 And join in wedlock with the wadling goose;
 For love hath brought a stranger thing to pass,
 The fairest shepherd weds the foulest lass.

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid, 65
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Sooner shall cats disport in waters clear,
 And speckled mackrels graze the meadows fair,
 Sooner shall screech-owls bask in sunny day,
 And the flow aśs on trees, like squirrels, play, 70
 Sooner shall snails on insect pinions rove,
 Than I forget my shepherd's wonted love!

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Line

59. *Fungentur jam Gryphes equis; arvoque sequenti
 Cum canibus timidi venient ad pocula Dama.*

Virg.

67. *Ante leves ergo pascentur in aethere Cervi
 Et freta d'stituent nudos in littore Pisces—
 Quam nostro illius labatur pectore vultus.*

Virg.

Ah!

Ah! didst thou know what proffers I withstood,
 When late I met the squire in yonder wood! 76
 To me he sped, regardless of his game,
 While all my cheek was glowing red with shame;
 My lip he kiss'd, and prais'd my healthful look,
 Then from his purse of silk a guinea took, 80
 Into my hand he forc'd the tempting gold,
 While I with modest struggling broke his hold.
 He swore that Dick in liv'ry strip'd with lace,
 Should wed me soon to keep me from disgrace;
 But I nor footman priz'd nor golden fee, 85
 For what is lace or gold compar'd to thee?

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard so true a damsel dies a maid.

Now plain I ken whence Love his rise begun.
 Sure he was born some bloody butcher's son, 90

Line

89. To Ken, scire. Chaucero, to ken; and kende notus. A. S. cumman. Goth kuman. Germanis kennen. Danis kiende. Islandis kumma. Belgis kennen. This word is of general use, but not very common, though not unknown to the vulgar. Ken for prospicere is well known and used to discover by the eye. Ray. F R S.

Nunc scio quid sit Amor, &c.

Crudelis mater magis an puer improbus ille?

Improbus ille puer, crudelis tu quoque mater.

Virg

Bred

Bred up in shambles, where our younglings slain,
 Erst taught him mischief and to sport with pain.
 The father only silly sheep annoys,
 The son, the sillier shepherds destroys.
 Does son or father greater mischief do?
 The fire is cruel, so the son is too.

95

My plaint, ye lasses, with this burthen aid,
 'Tis hard to true a damsel dies a maid.

Farewel, ye woods, ye meads, ye streams that flow;
 A sudden death shall rid me of my woe,
 This penknife keen my windpipe shall divide.—
 What, shall I fall as squeaking pigs have dy'd!
 No——To some Tree this carcass I'll suspend——
 But worrying curs find such untimely end!
 I'll speed me to the pond, where the high stool
 On the long plank hangs o'er the muddy pool,
 That stool, the dread of ev'ry scolding Quean——
 Yet, sure a lover should not dye so mean!

100

105

Line

99. ———— *vivite Sylva,*
Præceptis aerii specula de montis in undas
Deferar. Virg.

There

There plac'd aloft, I'll rave and rail by fits,
 Though all the parish say I've lost my wits; 110
 And thence, if courage holds, my self I'll throw,
 And quench my passion in the lake below.
 Ye lasses, cease your burthen, cease to moan,
 And, by my case forewarn'd, go mind your own.

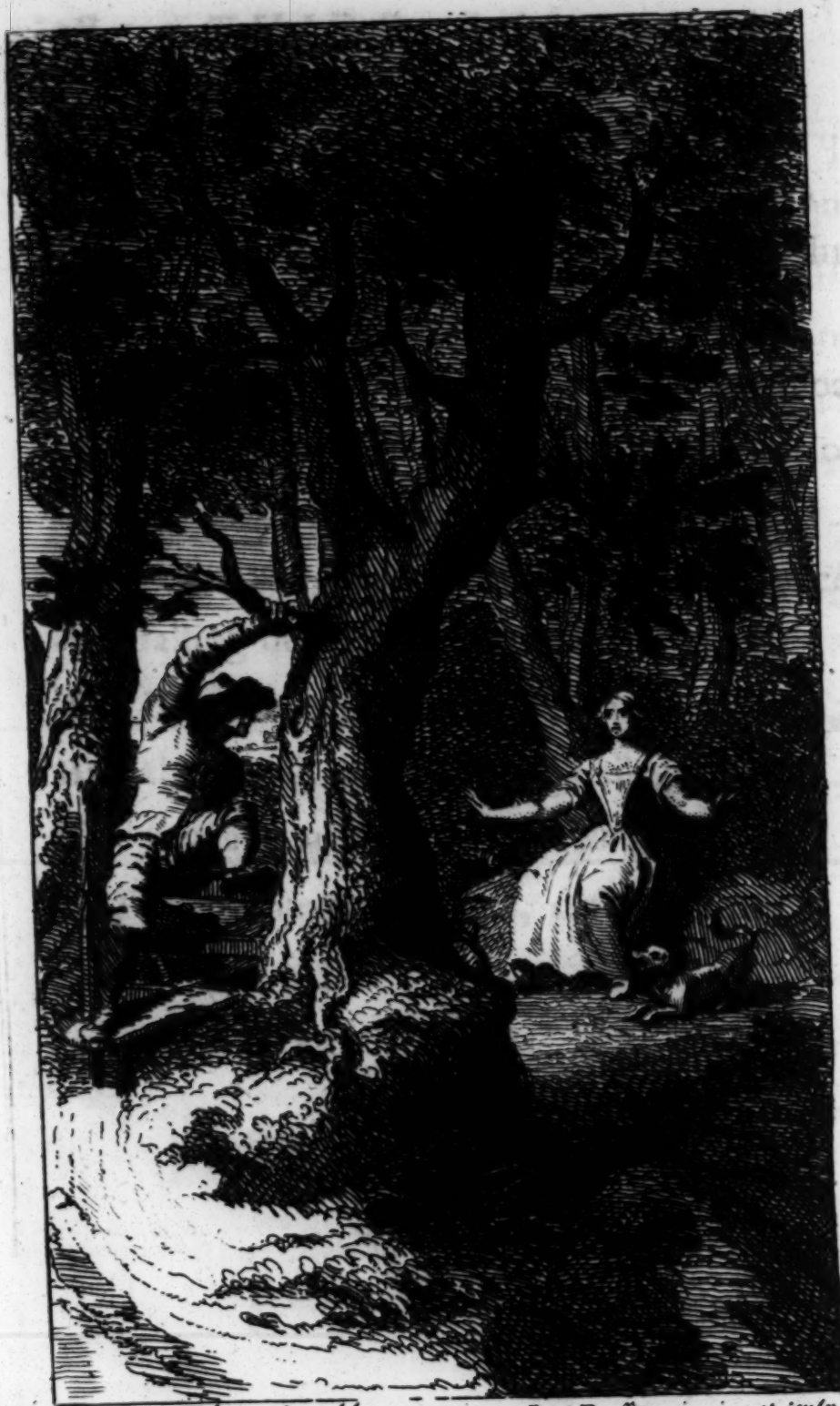
The sun was set; the night came on apace,
 And falling dews bewet around the place, 116
 The bat takes airy rounds on leathern wings,
 And the hoarse owl his woeful dirges sings;
 The prudent maiden deems it now too late,
 And 'till to morrow comes, defers her fate. 120



THURSDAY;



BRITISH
3 NO 74
MUSEUM



the spell.

Lut. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.



Spells will I try, and spells that ease my care
T H U R S D A Y ;
And turn my thrice around, around, around
O R, T H E
When I find the beddow
S P E L L.
And call with welcome note the bedding spring

I firstway for a running with such haste
H O B N E L I A.

HOBNELIA seated in a dreary vale,
In pensive mood rehears'd her piteous
tale,

Her piteous tale the winds in sighs bemoan,
And pining eccho answers groan for groan.

As like to Lubberkin's in court and hue
I rue the day, a rueful day I trow,
As if upon his head
The woful day, a day indeed of woe!
Which my friend
When Lubberkin to town his cattle drove,
And turn my thrice around
A maiden fine bedight he hapt to love;

Line 8. *Dight or bedight, from the Saxon word dihtan, which signifies to set in order.*

The

The maiden fine bedight his love retains,
 And for the village he forsakes the plains: 10
 Return, my Lubberkin, these ditties hear;
 Spells will I try, and spells shall ease my care.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

When first the year, I heard the cuckow sing, 15
 And call with welcome note the budding spring,
 I straitway set a running with such haste,
 Deb'rah that won the smock scarce ran so fast.
 'Till spent for lack of breath, quite weary grown,
 Upon a rising bank I sat adown, 20
 Then doff'd my shoe, and by my troth, I swear,
 Therein I spy'd this yellow frizled hair,
 As like to Lubberkin's in curl and hue,
 As if upon his comely pate it grew. 24

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Line

21. *Doff and den, contracted from the words do off and do on.*

At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought;
But to the field a bag of hemp-seed brought,
I scatter'd round the seed on ev'ry side,
And three times in a trembling accent cry'd, 30
This hemp-seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.
I strait look'd back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 36

Last Valentine, the day when birds of kind
Their paramours with mutual chirpings find;
I rearly rose, just at the break of day,
Before the sun had chas'd the stars away; 40
Afield I went, amid the morning dew
To milk my kine (for so should hufwives do)
Thee first I spy'd, and the first swain we see,
In spite of fortune shall our true-love be;
See, Lubberkin, each bird his partner take, 45
And can'st thou then thy sweetheart dear forsake?

D

With

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

Last May-day fair I search'd to find a snail
That might my secret lover's name reveal; 50
Upon a gooseberry bush a snail I found,
For always snails near sweetest fruit abound:
I seiz'd the vermine, home I quickly sped,
And on the hearth the milk-white embers spread.
Slow crawl'd the snail, and if I right can spell, 55
In the soft ashes mark'd a curious L:
Oh, may this wondrous omen lucky prove!
For L is found in Lubberkin and Love.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around. 60

Two hazel-nuts I threw into the flame,
And to each nut I gave a sweet-heart's name.
This with the loudest bounce me fore amaz'd,
That in a flame of brightest colour blaz'd.

Line

64.

ἐγὼ δ' ἐπὶ Δέλφιδι δάφναν
αἶδω. χ' ὥς αὐτὰ λακίει μέγα καπνεῖσασα.

Theoc.

As

As blaz'd the nut so may thy passion grow, 65
For 'twas thy nut that did so brightly glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As peascods once I pluck'd, I chanc'd to see
One that was closely fill'd with three times three,
Which when I crop'd I safely home convey'd, 71
And o'er my door the spell in secret laid.

My wheel I turn'd, and sung a ballad new,
While from the spindle I the fleeces drew;
The latch mov'd up, when who should first come in,
But in his proper person——Lubberkin. 76

I broke my yarn surpriz'd the sight to see,
Sure sign that he would break his word with me,
Eftsoons I join'd it with my wonted flight,
So may again his love with mine unite! 80

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This lady-fly I take from off the grass,
Whose spotted back might scarlet red surpass.

Line 66. *Daphnis me malus urit, ego hanc in Daphnide.*

Fly, lady-bird, North, South, or East or West, 85
 Fly where the man is found that I love best.
 He leaves my hand, see to the West he's flown,
 To call my true-love from the faithless town.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around. 90

This mellow pippin, which I pare around,
 My shepherd's name shall flourish on the ground.
 I fling th' unbroken paring o'er my head,
 Upon the grass a perfect L is read;
 Yet on my heart a fairer L is seen 95
 Than what the paring marks upon the green.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

This pippin shall another tryal make,
 See from the core two kernels brown I take; 100
 This on my cheek for Lubberkin is worn,
 And Boobyclod on t'other side is born.

Line

93. *Transque Caput jace; ne respexeris.*

Virg.

But

But Boobyclod soon drops upon the ground,
 A certain token that his love's unsound,
 While Lubberkin sticks firmly to the last; 105
 Oh were his lips to mine but join'd so fast!

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As Lubberkin once slept beneath a tree,
 I twich'd his dangling garter from his knee; 110
 He wist not when the hempen string I drew,
 Now mine I quickly doff of inkle blue;
 Together fast I tye the garters twain,
 And while I knit the knot repeat this strain.
 Three times a true-love's knot I tye secure, 115
 Firm be the knot, firm may his love endure.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around.

As I was wont, I trudg'd last market-day 119
 To town, with new-laid eggs preserv'd in hay.

Line

109. *Necte tribus nodis ternos, Amarylli, Colores*
Necte, Amarylli modo; & Veneris dic vincula necto.

Virg.

D 3

I

38 *FOURTH PASTORAL.*

I made my market long before 'twas night,
 My purse grew heavy and my basket light.
 Strait to the pothecary's shop I went,
 And in love-powder all my mony spent;
 Behap what will, next Sunday after prayers, 125
 When to the ale-house Lubberkin repairs,
 These golden flies into his mug I'll throw,
 And soon the swain with fervent love shall glow.

With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
 And turn me thrice around, around, around. 130

But hold — our Light-foot barks, and cocks his ^{[ears,}
 O'er yonder stile see Lubberkin appears.

He comes, he comes, Hobnelia's not bewray'd,
 Nor shall she crown'd with willow die a maid.
 He vows, he swears, he'll give me a green gown,
 Oh dear! I fall adown, adown, adown! 136

123. *Has Herbas, atque hac Ponto mihi lecta venena,
 Ipse dedit Maris.*

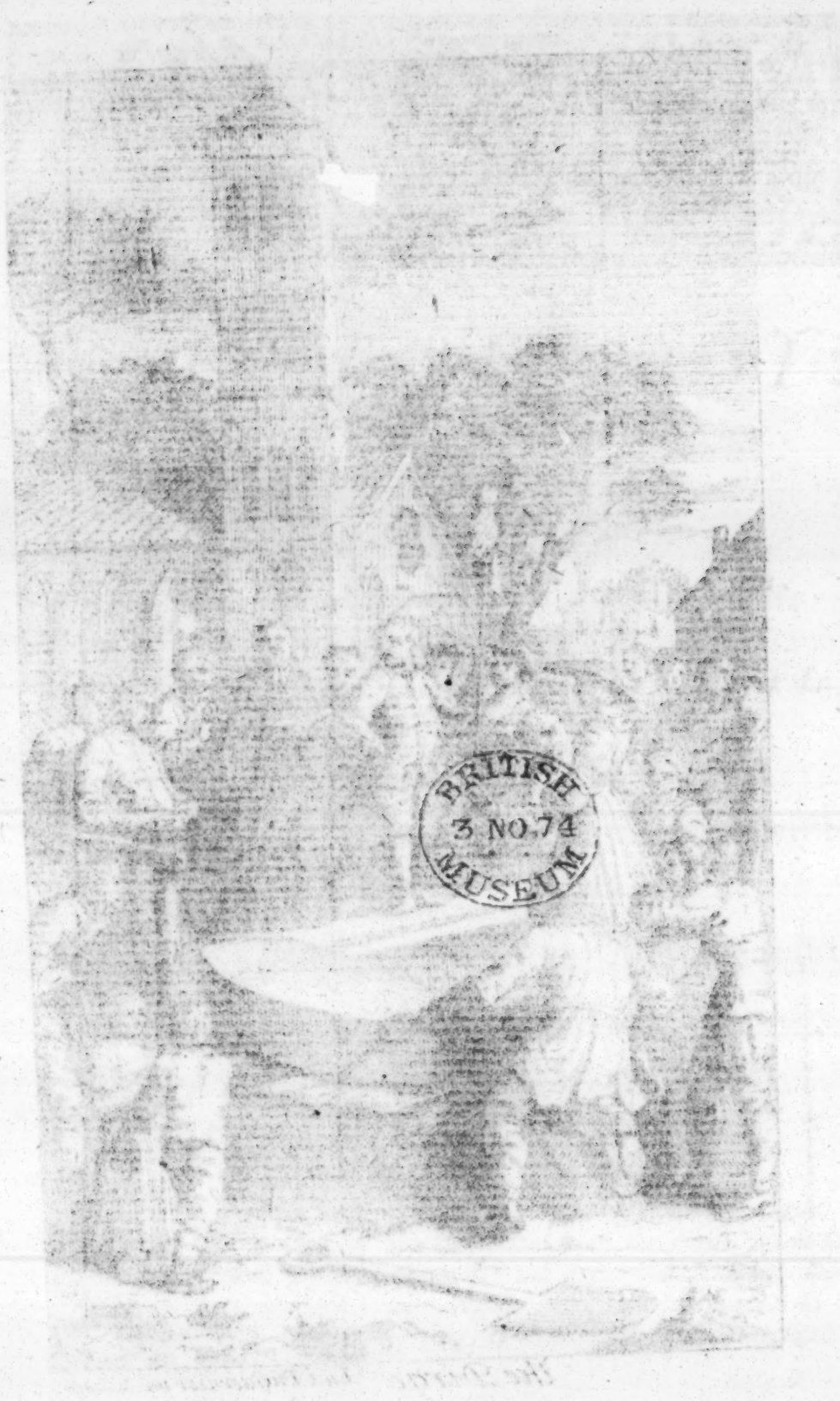
Virg.

127. ————— Ποτὸν κακὸν εὐερον οἶσῶ.

Theoc.

131. *Nescio quid certe est: & Hylax in limine latrat.*

FRIDAY;





the Dirge Lud. DuGuernier inv & Sculp.



Now the power'd birds leave with our apple hands.
F R I D A Y;

And yet how many sorrow from thy tomb
OR, THE

From whence thou hast from hence wert gone,
*** D I R G E.**

From hence the pains all torment is banish'd
BUMKINET. GRUBBINOL.

And stilling mine eye a sorrow with many a tear
BUMKINET.



WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful
seem?

There's sorrow in thy look, if right I
deem.

'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;

** Dirge, or Dyrge, a mournful ditty, or song of lamentation over the dead, not a contraction of the Latin Dirige in the popish hymn Dirige Gressus meos, as some pretend. But from the Teutonical Dyrke, Laudare, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their Dyrke and our Dirge, was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead. Cowell's interpreter.*

From

From the tall elm, a show'r of leaves is born, 5
 And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
 Yet ev'n this season pleafance blithe affords,
 Now the squeez'd prefs foams with our apple hoards.
 Come, let us hye, and quaff a cheery bowl,
 Let cyder new wash sorrow from thy foul. 10

GRUBBINOL.

Ah Bumkinet! fince thou from hence wert gone,
 From thefe sad plains all merriment is flown;
 Should I reveal my grief 'twould fpoil thy chear,
 And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

Hang sorrow! let's to yonder hutt repair, 15
 And with trim fonnets caft away our care.
 Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play,
 Thou fing'ft moft sweet, O'er hills and far away.
 Of Patient Griffel I devise to fing,
 And catches quaint fhall make the vallies ring. 20
 Come, Grubbinol, beneath this fhelter, come,
 From hence we view our flocks fe curely roam.

Line

15. *Incipe Mopfe prior fi quos aut Phyllidis ignes
 Aut Alconis habes Laudes, aut jurgia Codri.*

GRUB-

G R U B B I N O L.

Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
 But with my woe shall distant vallies ring.
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
 For woe is me! — our Blouzelind is dead. 26

B U M K I N E T.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell my glee!
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me.
 As the wood-pidgeon cooes without his mate,
 So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30
 Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
 The peerless maid that did all maids excell.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
 And ev'ning tears upon the grass be spread;
 The rolling streams with watry grief shall flow, 35
 And winds shall moan aloud—when loud they blow.
 Henceforth, as oft as autumn shall return,
 The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn;
 This season quite shall strip the country's pride,
 For 'twas in autumn Blouzelinda dy'd. 40

Line 27. Glee, Joy, from the Dutch, Glooren, to recreate.

Where-

Where-e'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn and mows our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide, 45
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd;
There, I remember how her faggots large,
Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way, 51
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay;
Th' untoward creatures to the sty I drove,
And whistled all the way — or told my love.

If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55
I shall her goodly countenance espie,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lilly prints the pound. 60

Whilome

Whilome I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And press from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door,
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray, 65
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine, in gruntings spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand, 71
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley mow I pass, 75
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd.

Ah

Ah Blouzelind! that mowe I ne'er shall see, 81
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds instead of butter-flow'rs appear, 85
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For Blouzelinda, blithesome maid, is dead!
Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone. 90
Here Blouzelinda lies — Alas, alas!

Weep shepherds, — and remember flesh is grass.

G R U B B I N O L.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;

Line

84. *Pro molli violâ pro purpureo Narcisso*
Carduus, & spinis surgit Paliurus acutis. Virg.
90. *Et Tumulum facite. & tumulo superaddite Carmen.*
93. *Tale tuum Carmen nobis Divine Poeta,*
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
Dulcis aqua saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
Nos tamen hæc quocumque modo tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus, Daphniæque tuum tollemus ad æstra. Virg.

Or

Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth, 95
 Or bunn's and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
 Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,
 Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the weather's bell
 Before the drooping flock toll'd forth her knell;
 The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
 And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
 The boding raven on her cottage fate,
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
 Drop'd on the plains that fatal instant dead; 106
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
 Which erst I saw when goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
 While on her darling's bed her mother fate! 110
 These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
 And of the dead let none the will revoke.

Line

96. Κρέσσον μελπομένω τευ ακέμεν ἢ μέλι λείχεν. Theoc.

Mother,

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed,
Be these my sister's care—and ev'ry morn 115
Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
Yet e'er I die—see, Mother, yonder shelf,
There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120
Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid,
Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid.
The rest is yours—My spinning-wheel and rake,
Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;
My new straw hat that's trimly lin'd with green,
Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean. 126
My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside:
Three silver pennies, and a ninepence bent,
A token kind, to Bumkinet is sent. 130
Thus spoke the maiden, while her mother cry'd,
And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To

To show their love, the neighbours far and near,
Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.

Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lasses bore, 135
While dismally the parson walk'd before.

Upon her grave their rosemary they threw,
The daisie, butter-flow'r and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
That none could tell whose turn would be the next;
He said, that heav'n would take her soul no doubt.
And spoke the hour-glass in her praise—quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung. 144
With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around,
To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground,
Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm.

E

For

For gaffer Treadwell told us by the by, 151
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

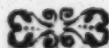
While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
While padding ducks the standing lake desire,
Of batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire; 156
While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise,
So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts, in melancholy strain,
'Till bonny Susan sped a-cross the plain; 160
They seiz'd the lass in apron clean array'd,
And to the alehouse forc'd the willing maid;
In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.

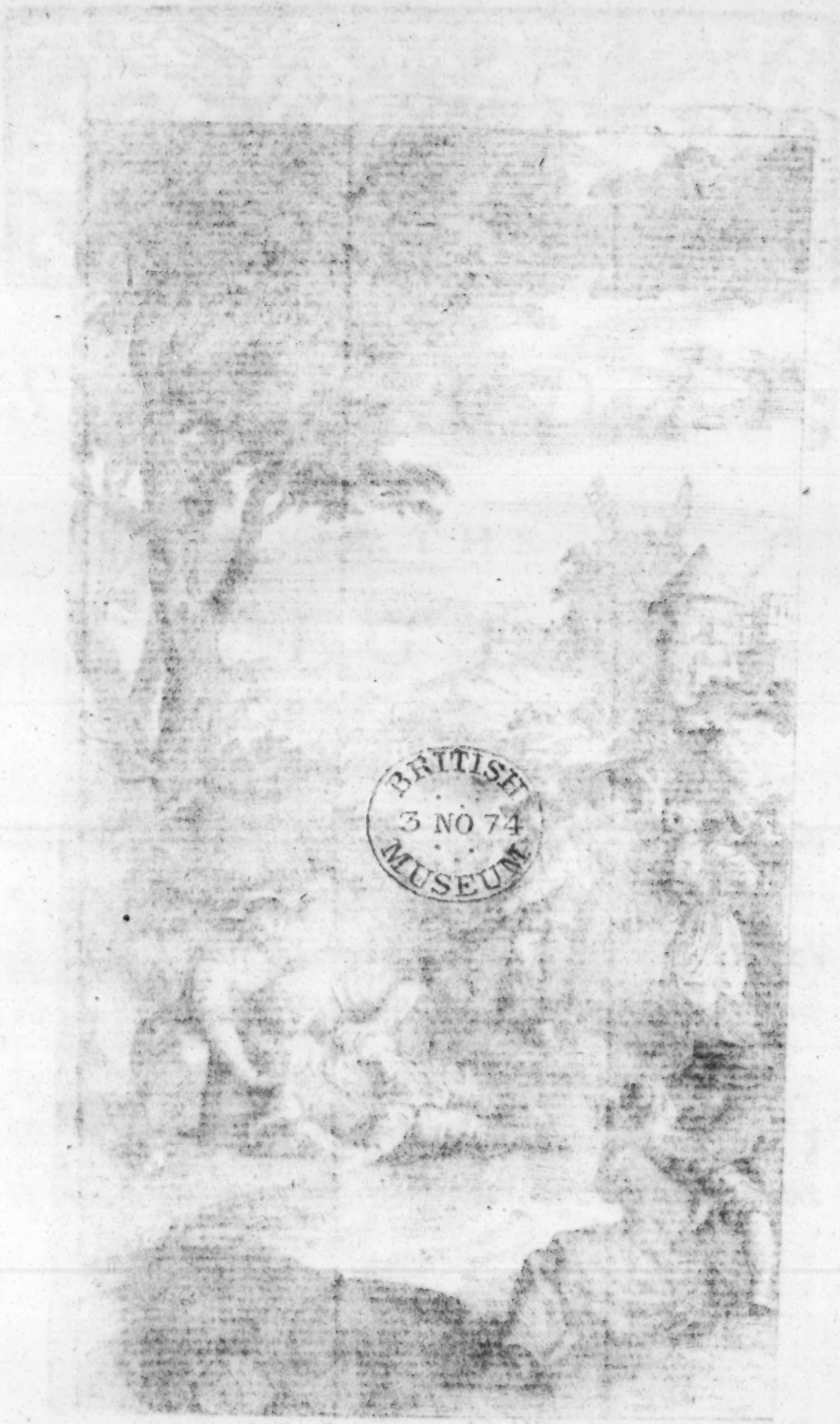
Line

153. *Dum juga montis Aper, fluvios dum Piscis amabit,
Dumque Thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicada,
Semper honos nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.*

Virg.



SATUR-



BRITISH
3 NO 74
MUSEUM



the Flights.

Lud. Du Guernier inv. et sculp.



SATURDAY;

**OR, THE
F L I G H T S.**

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustick muse,
prepare;

Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;

Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,

The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays,

With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,

While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

'Twas in the season when the reaper's toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;

Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
 Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about, 10
 The lads with sharpen'd hook and sweating brow
 Cut down the labours of the winter plow.

To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
 She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd,
 What-e'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen, 15
 And merry reapers, what they list, will ween.
 Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill
 That eccho answer'd from the distant hill;
 The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
 Who thought some adder had the lass dismay'd.

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd, 21
 His hat and oaken staff lay close beside:
 That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
 Or with the rozin'd bow torment the string;
 That Bowzybeus who with finger's speed 25
 Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
 That Bowzybeus who with jocond tongue,
 Ballads and roundelays and catches sung.

Line 22. *Serta procul tantum capiti delapsa jacebant.*

Virg.

They

They leudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

Ah Bowzybée, why didst thou stay so long,
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou should'st have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping 'till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout, 35
And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout.
For custom says, Who-e'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke.
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carrols o'er,
As for the maids,—I've something else in store.

Line

40. *Sanguineis frontem Moris & Tempora pingit.*

Virg.

43. *Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite; carmina vobis.*

Virg.

Huic aliud Mercedis erit.

E 4

No

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song, 45
 But lads and lasses round about him throng.
 Not ballad-finger plac'd above the croud
 Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud,
 Nor parish clerk who calls the psalm so clear,
 Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear. 50

Of nature's laws his carrols first begun,
 Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
 For owles, as swains observe, detest the light,
 And only sing and seek their prey by night.
 How turnips hide their swelling heads below, 55
 And how the closing colworts upwards grow;
 How Will-a-wisp mis-leads night-faring clowns,
 O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
 Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail, 59
 And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
 He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
 And in what climates they renew their breed;

Line

47. *Nec tantum Phœbo gaudet Parnassia rupes*

Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orpheus.

Virg.

51. Our swain had probably read Tusser, from whence he might have collected those philosophical observations.

Namque canebat uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.

Virg.

Some

Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend.
Where swallows in the winter's season keep, 65
And how the drowfie bat and dormouse sleep.
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose.
For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind. 70

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine, 75
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lads, knives, combs and scissars spys,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along, 81
And all the fair is crouded in his song.

The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
 His pills, his balsoms, and his ague spells;
 Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
 And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
 Jack-pudding in his parti-coloured jacket
 Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.
 Of rarce-shows he fung, and Punch's feats,
 Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he sung the Children in the wood.
 Ah barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
 How blackberrys they pluck'd in desarts wild,
 And fearless at the glitt'ring fauchion smil'd;
 Their little corps the robin-red-breasts found,
 And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
 Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For buxom Joan he sung the doubtful strife,
 How the fly sailer made the maid a wife.

Line

97. *Fortunati ambo, si quid mea Carmina possunt,*

Nulla Dies unquam memori vos eximet aeo.

Virg.

99. *A song in the comedy of Love for Love, beginning A soldier and a sailor, &c.*

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
 What woeful wars in Chevy-chace befell,
 When Piercy drove the deer with hound and horn,
 Wars to be wept by children yet unborn! 104
 Ah With'rington, more years thy life had crown'd,
 If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
 Yet shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
 By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts, 109
 How to fleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants;
 How the grave brother stood on bank so green.
 Happy for him if mares had never been!

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
 And on a sudden, sung the hundredth Psalm.

He sung of Taffey-Welch, and Sawney Scot,
 Lilly-bullero and the Irish Trot. 116

Line

109. *A song of Sir J. Denham's. See his poems.*

112. *Et fortunatam si nunquam Armenta fuissent
 Pasiphaen.*

Virg.

Why

Why should I tell of Bateman or of Shore,
 Or Wantley's dragon slain by valiant Moore,
 The bow'r of Rosamond, or Robin Hood, 119
 And how the grass now grows where Troy town

[stood? A

His carols ceas'd: The list'ning maids and swains
 Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.

Sudden he rose; and as he reels along

Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.

The damsels laughing fly: the giddy clown 125

Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;

The pow'r that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,

'Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

Line

117. *Quid loquar aut Scyllam Nisi, &c.*

Virg.

117. *Old English Ballads.*



An

An Alphabetical Catalogue of Names, Plants, Flowers, Fruits, Birds, Beasts, Insects, and other material things mentioned in these Pastorals.

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